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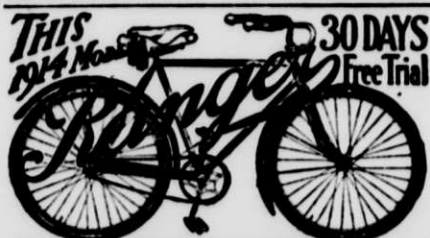
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"I should say not!" said Dank, feeling for his.

"I should as soon marry a daughter of Hobbs," said R. Schmidt, getting up from his chair with restored sprightliness. "If he had one, I mean. And where is Hobbs, by the way?"

"Here, sir," said Hobbs, appearing in the bedroom door, but not unexpectedly. "I heard wot you said about my daughter, sir. It may set your mind at rest, sir, to hear that I am childless."

"Thank you, Hobbs. You are always thinking of my comfort. You may order luncheon for us in the Ritz restaurant. The head steward has been instructed to reserve the corner table for the whole voyage."

"The 'ead waiter, sir," corrected Hobbs politely, and was gone.

In three minutes he was back with the information that two ladies had taken the table and refused to be dislodged, although the head waiter had vainly tried to convince them that it was reserved for the passage by R. Schmidt and party.

"I am quite sure, sir, he put it to them very hagreeably and politely,

but the young lady gave 'im the 'aughtiest look I've ever seen on mortal fice, sir, and he came back to us so 'umble that I could 'ardly believe he was an 'ead waiter."

"I hope he was not unnecessarily persistent," said the Prince, annoyed. "It really is of no consequence where we sit."

"If Blithers were only here," sighed Dank.

"I beg pardon, sir," further adventured Hobbs, "but I fancy not even Mr. Blithers could move that young woman, sir, if she didn't 'appen to want to be moved. Never in my life, sir, have I seen—"

"Run along, Hobbs," said the Prince. "Boiled guinea hen."

"And cantaloupe, sir. Yes, sir, I quite remember everything now, sir."

Twenty minutes later R. Schmidt, seated in the Ritz restaurant, happened to look fairly into the eyes of the loveliest girl he had ever seen, and on the instant forgave the extraordinary delinquency of the hitherto infallible Hobbs.

(Continued in our next issue.)

## Chips—By Elizabeth Meyers

(Continued from Page 8)

come to the house, so they have met here; but the child, how did she account for it at home? I gave it up in despair; marital tangles are too intricate for my simple mind. I am far too unsophisticated to work them out. The world is such a queer place.

"Yes," he said, looking longingly at his book, "but I'm getting tired of it." The old story.

She gave a little cry. It was cruel, and I knew her eyes were filling with tears. I understood the heavy silence while he stood glumly by.

"Say, don't be a cry-baby," he said, looking contemptuously at her. "I hate snivellers and besides you'll make your nose red."

**WHETHER** it was the first or last remark that brought her to, I do not know; women are so unfathomable.

"Don't you love me any more?" she asked in a tiny voice. It was all so pathetic I felt the tears come to my eyes, and I am considered an unemotional person. He did not answer, but his silence was expressive enough.

"Very well," she said a little huskily. "Then I suppose we must get a divorce, just the same as our mothers did." It was a brave thing for her to do, but cad that he was he could not understand what pain it was costing her.

"All right," he rejoined as he turned over several pages of his book. "I guess that is the only thing to do, only divorces are not considered good form any longer; they're so common." I thought I could hear the voice of someone much more mature than he in back of those worldly sentiments, for after all he was young to have given much thought to the subject.

"Then shall I get it, or will you?" she asked in a small flat voice. He looked at her a minute pondering.

"I guess you had better get it," he said at length. "It will look better." He seemed anxious to end the interview.

"So long," he threw back over his shoulder as he started to leave.

"Will you come tomorrow," she asked shyly. It was for the last time, I knew. Poor little girl!

"Mebbe," was all the answer.

"Oh, Ralph," she called hesitatingly after him. He turned slowly. "Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye? You won't be able to after we're divorced, you know." Truly, while I do not approve of osculation, the little peck he bestowed at random on that pretty pink cheek would have brought tears to the eyes of a stone Buddha, and yet she seemed satisfied.

I had expected to see her burst into tears and was preparing to go to her and soothe her with some gentle philosophy such as one keeps in reserve for sad occasions, but I hesitated, feeling that philosophy was not the medicine she needed.

**I COULD** see her lip tremble as she looked long at the sleeping babe, and her profile under her dainty straw hat showed two pouting lips.

"I don't care," she murmured defiantly. (Always an effective anodyne for hurt feelings.)

Then along the walk I heard light footsteps.

"Hello Sadie, what are you doing here?" someone cried. I could not see him.

"Oh, Oscar!" she half screamed in her delight, as she ran toward him with arms outstretched. The embrace was long. Truly, I had been subjected to so much that morning, I was quite unnerved.

"I'm so glad you've come," she twittered. "That horrid Ralph was here, and I hate him. I'm going to get a divorce just as soon as ever I can and then I'll marry you."

With never a backward look at the doll baby sleeping under the shade of the syringa she tripped away with this new love and disappeared from my straining gaze.

I promptly took charge of the infant which I shall adopt if the mother does not return for it.

Of course, I realize that the little mother is only seven, but Heavens above, think of the years to come!

I again took up my book: "Given," it said, "the environment, one can pretty well determine the characteristics of an animal."

Well, I guess that's right.

### He'd Earned It

Government clerks at Washington are campaigning for higher salaries. But they are not the only ones who seem to suffer from lack of income, and, according to Secretary McAdoo, certain bank employees should receive higher compensation, considering their responsibilities. Apropos of which he tells the story of a bank teller in front of St. Peter at the Gate.

"How much did you steal?" inquired the keeper of the keys, suspiciously.

"Nothing."

"How much money was there in the bank?"

"As much as twenty millions some times."

"How much were you paid a year?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"Here!" exclaimed St. Peter, "take my place!"



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